

COLUMBIA
He Is Risen, As He Said

THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD



God hath sent His angels
To the earth again,
Bringing joyful tidings
To the sons of men;
They who first, at Christmas,
Thronged the heavenly way,
Now beside the tomb-door,
Sit on Easter Day.

—*Phillips Brooks* (1877).

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MARCH-APRIL
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for Christian Oneness and Evangelization

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CATHERINE RUTH SMITH, Editor

(Under the reign of Catherine the Second, of Russia, late in the eighteenth century, a group of peasants from the patrimony of Pskov—typical of countless oppressed souls in that vast land—were flung into a filthy underground prison, for some infraction of discipline on the estate, as Easter-time drew near.)

The sky was a bright deep blue, and it was thawing. But into the damp cellar the sun never penetrated. From the frameless window one could look out on a narrow, dismal world. The peasant bird, the sparrow, had grown used to the prisoners. They fed him crumbs, and were glad to see him. The sparrow came flying every morning,—a fat little thing, unkempt, uncrested, he came flying, and, blinking and chirping, seemed to say: "Good-morning, dear peasants, chirp-chirp-chirp! Bear up, it is nothing! There is a dripping from the roofs! The rooks are calling! Chirp-chirp-chirp!" The souls of the peasants grew warm.

There came the long-awaited holy night. Shattering the stillness and shaking the walls of the ancient fortress, there sounded forth the peals of the twenty-ton bell of the Troitsky Cathedral.

All at once the prisoners came alive. With a bustle they lighted a lantern, and, in agitation, looked out into the darkness of the spring night. The many silver bells resounded with a great peal. The waves of sound from the peal of church bells, mingled with the background of the tones of the twenty-ton bell, in an octave, in their modulations beat against the walls of the dungeon, as if inciting the captives to flight, and, flooding all the region with their sound, were borne higher still. And a kind of joy lifted the prisoners up on wings. With a heavy sigh that breathed out all the anguish of their souls, the prisoners, with a clanking of chains, rushed to embrace each other.

"Christ is risen, brothers! Christ is risen!" Their beards trembled, and down their drawn cheeks the tears flowed in streams.

But the transport of rejoicing soon died down, and everything within their souls grew dark and bitter again, perhaps even heavier than it had been before. The two gray-bearded old men, Daniel Chernavin and Prokhor Gusakov, fell exhausted on the earth, beat their heads against the walls, tore their hair out in despair, and, mingling their sobbing with hoarse coughing, cried out terribly: "Christ is risen, that is true. But we? When are we going to rise? Brothers, dear kinsmen, we are all going to rot away here!"

The others hurried to comfort them. But the comforters themselves also wept and sobbed, and there were no words, it was no use saying anything, and there was no way to help their misery.

The sentry with his rifle walked up to the window, and looked into the cellar. "Hey, you! Such fools! Now what are you fighting for? But that's characteristic of the peasants. Ugh!"

He went away, snorting through his nose. But his wrinkled, simple-minded face was distorted with compassion; he came up to the window again. "Hey, Stepanov, Vavilov, Zlobin, here you are. Christ is risen. Ah, you . . . you clumsy boors! Here you are, an egg apiece . . . have an Easter feast."

The lantern flickered fitfully. The ringing of the church-bells had stopped. The dogs were barking throughout the city. Somewhere a rooster was crowing in the middle of the night. The guard on the street sounded his rattle harshly. A merchant's travelling-carriage went by, with the heavy sound of iron-banded wheels on stone.

—From the novel "Emelian Pugachov," by Vyacheslav Shishkov, translated from the Russian by Catherine Ruth Smith, to be published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company; used by permission.

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The President's Easter Message



DR. GEORGE H. DOWKONTT

There is a sob in that plaintive Negro spiritual that appeals to my heart. My desire is to keep near the Cross—which I am sure is yours also. Dear friends, I have what may seem to you a strange thought, this: "The Contradictions of the Cross."

First, all the promises of God came to naught at the Cross. Take for instance Psalm 37:37, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." The Lord Jesus was perfect, the only man who rightly could claim these attributes; yet when He died, He was surrounded by a howling mob that thirsted for His blood, saying, "He saved others, himself he cannot save."

Now look at the two "because's" in Psalm 91:9: "Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation, there shall no evil befall thee," etc.; but none of these things happened. Why? Because He became sin for us.

Take Christ's own words (Matthew 5:4), "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." Was He comforted? Verse 7, "Blessed are the merciful." Did He obtain mercy? Verse 8, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," and yet we have Him crying out in His anguish, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" After it was all over, I can well imagine Mary saying to John, the beloved, "There is one thing I cannot understand: it is this—the Angel Gabriel told me, when he announced how Christ was to be born, 'He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest: and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David: and he shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever; and of his kingdom there shall be no end.' And now, John, he is dead, and none of these things have come to pass. What are we to think?"

All the promises failed: the things which He Himself had foretold did not materialize, nor did the predictions of the Angel Gabriel come true.

But there is another side to this story, and a blessed one. The body of our Lord never saw corruption, even though His followers had encased it in a hundred pounds of spices. That was a gratuitous act of love on their part. Then His enemies had a watch set to keep Him in the sepulchre, and rolling a great stone before the entrance, they sealed it with the Emperor's seal. There never was so much precaution taken to keep one in a tomb, from which, praise God, He came forth as CONQUEROR.

How grateful we all should be for the fact of His Resurrection from the dead! Had He not risen, we still would be in our sins, and of all men most miserable. But He *did* rise. And now, with every assurance and hope, we can sing exultantly, "Christ the Lord is risen today—Hallelujah!"

GEORGE H. DOWKONTT.

Were you there when they crucified my
Lord—were you there?

Were you there when they crucified my
Lord—were you there?

O sometimes it causes me to tremble,
tremble, tremble,

When I think how they crucified my
Lord.

Were you there when they nailed Him
to the tree—were you there?

Were you there when they nailed Him
to the tree—were you there?

O sometimes it causes me to tremble,
tremble, tremble,

Were you there when they nailed Him
to the tree?

He Yet Speaketh

From the Supplement to THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD for March-April, 1946, we reproduce a part of the devotional message written by Rev. Norman J. Smith.

The devout of the prophets' time must have looked forward by faith and appropriated the Lord Jesus Christ as the fulfillment of their sacrifice. We of the present day look back and appropriate His sacrifice for ourselves, reading in the Word of God not only of the promise of His coming as foretold by the prophets, but of the *fulfillment* of that promise. We are often reminded of the likeness between the lamb of sacrifice, offered by the priests on the altar before the door of the tabernacle, and the Lamb of God "which taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1.29). No substitute was provided; *He* was the sacrifice. He died at the hand of man, as every substitute has died, from the time when Abraham bound his son Isaac and laid him on the altar of wood, to the last offering before the temple in the city of Jerusalem. The substitute always died. So, too, did the Lamb of God, the fulfillment of the symbol to be found in every sacrifice from the beginning to the end.

Only this sacrifice could pray! When before did any sacrifice plead with the Forgiver of sin that death at the hand of man might be avoided,—and this one the Son of man, the Lamb of God, the fulfillment of the symbolism of all the sacrifices? "Thy will be done!" "Sleep on now, and take your rest." "Rise, let us be going: behold, he is at hand that doth betray me." And Jesus went to meet the soldiers. But there was no weakness there. "Thinkest thou that I cannot pray to my Father, and He shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels?"

The lamb of the ancient Hebrew sacrifice was done away with, burned to ashes on the altar. No other "offering for sin" included resurrection in its program. The record here reads, Betrayal and arrest, hearing before Caiaphas and the Sanhedrin, delivery to Pilate, "Jesus or Barabbas," the King crowned with thorns, the crucifixion, entombment, the sepulchre sealed and guarded.

Turn once more to the artist's picture of the Master and two of His disciples on the road to Emmaus, and then read Luke's testimony: Two of them went that day to a village called Emmaus, and they talked together of all that had happened. And while they reasoned, Jesus Himself drew near and went with them. But their eyes were holden that they should not know Him. And He said unto them, "What manner of communications are these that ye have one to another, as ye walk, and are sad?"

Cleopas rehearsed the whole story of the crucifixion, the death and burial of the Prophet "mighty in word and deed." They could not believe the stories they had heard of the empty tomb and the vision of the angels, who said He was alive. The Master commented: "Oh, fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken! Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into His glory?" But it was only at the breaking of bread that they knew Him. "Their eyes were opened; and He vanished out of their sight." On their way back to Jerusalem they said one to another, "Did not our hearts burn within us, while He talked with us by the way, and while He opened to us the Scriptures?"

Today, as we read their testimony, there is for us the recognition of the Lamb of God, slain from the foundation of the world. The Lord is risen indeed! May He bless to you this Easter-time, the remembrance of His Resurrection and the hope of His coming again. "Thus it is written, and thus it behoved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead on the third day; and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His Name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem." So, today, we are witnesses of these things, and celebrate the Easter-time in spirit and in truth.

Look! Look! Where?

Shall we look on the ruins of Poland? or on the war-scarred estate at Radost? No! no! we must look to the God of Elijah. He lives, Hallelujah! He lives, and still answers prayer. "Look! look!" cried a lay preacher in a small English chapel, years ago. Pointing to a young man, he added, "Young man, look, look, and be ye saved." That miserable-looking young man was Charles Haddon Spurgeon, who became London's prince of preachers. I am glad to say I have sat in that very same seat and prayed, "Lord, help me, as Thou didst help Spurgeon on that cold, wet Sunday morning. I will look to Thee; and I will look on the great Harvest Fields."

Europe is in need of reapers. Thank God for Tordis Christoffersen, Fred Stettler, and the other missionaries. They are all reapers. We must hold them up in faith and prayer daily. France is a great and needy field. Refugees by the thousands fled there. It is a land of great and glorious opportunity NOW. Prayer rooms and halls are needed. Let us cheer the hearts of these reapers by our sacrificial gifts. God will reward us. Brother Stettler has piles of letters from souls in need. Other workers I might mention, but space forbids. God speaks: "Look! look! until the Vision stirs you to prayer like Daniel and Elijah." God bless you!

One word more, about a fine way of interesting others. Norman J. Smith had many rare gifts. One that appealed to me was his production of neat, artistic literature. A small box of such literature has just reached me from Yonkers. How easy to hand this out to friends! "Say, here's some good reading for you, my friend." "Thank you," they say, "It looks nice, I'll read this," and so we get folks reading and talking about the American-European Christian Fellowship. This is a bit of real practical service for the Lord. Why not send fifty cents or a dollar to the office and ask for a variety of the leaflets—stories, conversions, and other excellent printed gems of literature? What a fine genius of propaganda you may become! Why not get your pocket-book and say, "I'll do it NOW!" and keep the office busy filling your orders? Set the joy-bells ringing by pulling the ropes of prayer. God bless you, and give you joy in serving others, and winning new friends for the Fellowship. God bless you!

Eldon House, Lansdowne,
Croydon, Surrey, England.

F. SPENCER JOHNSON.

Remembering

Dear Dr. Smith:—

Tel Aviv, Palestine, February 11, 1947.

Your letter dated November 15, 1946, was received on February 7, 1947, although it was sent by air mail. It had been opened and closed again, obviously by the censor. So till now I did not know that dear Brother Smith had passed away to be with the Lord forever. As usually, I remembered him almost daily before the Lord, not knowing that during the last three months he was already in the presence and glory of Christ.

The letter was brought to me from the bank, while I was busy with my intense work in the clinic. When I read and realized the meaning of the letter, the first feeling was like a shock. Then slowly came another feeling: sorrow mixed with joy—yes, Brother Smith is not here, but he is now with the Lord and sees His glory.

There was a time when I dreamed of seeing Mr. Smith personally here in the Holy Land, watching the work which the Lord is blessing so abundantly in the clinic. Now I know that this dream will never be realized. I shall never see Brother Smith here. But there will come a time when I shall see him in the presence of our Lord Jesus. Please pray for us, that God may enable us to work, watch and pray. Yours in Him,

J. YUK.

Dear Friends:—

Our hearts were deeply stirred today when we received the memorial number of *THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD*, in which we read of the home-going of our dearly beloved brother, Rev. Norman J. Smith. We are mindful of his great work on behalf of the vast mission field of Europe, and we know that in his going, the American-European Christian Fellowship has lost a great leader. On behalf of the Interdenominational Foreign Mission Association, I wish to express the sympathy of all member-missions. We trust that God in His providence may raise up another to take the place of your fallen leader.

At the last meeting of the Official Board of the I. F. M. A., the following minute was passed on: "The Official Board of the Interdenominational Foreign Mission Association records with profound sorrow the passing of the Rev. Norman J. Smith, for many years Secretary-Treasurer of the American-European Fellowship. Mr. Smith went to be with the Lord suddenly on November 7th, after a very brief illness. In his passing, not only has the I. F. M. A. lost a loyal friend, and the American-European Fellowship a valiant leader, but indeed the whole Church has suffered a great loss. The Interdenominational Foreign Mission Association wishes to extend to the American-European Fellowship its deepest sympathy, and prays that God may graciously bless this work of faith and labor of love of this great agency for proclaiming the Gospel in Europe."

Sincerely yours,

H. S. NIXON, Secretary.

My dear Dr. Smith:—

I was surprised and grieved to learn of Brother Smith's home-going; not that we grieve for him, for "to depart and be with Christ is far better." But he will be missed. All these years he has so faithfully carried on, "God is not unrighteous to forget his work and labour of love."

To you, and all the bereaved ones, I extend my sincerest sympathy in this time of sorrow. May the God of all comfort, comfort your hearts. We do not lose our loved ones. We will get them back on that Great Day! How glad we are that there is a place called Heaven, where those who have loved here will meet again!

Sincerely yours,

CLARENCE E. MASON,

Latin America Mission.

Dear Friend:—

One by one the warriors are passing over. Your father's life was used up in loving service for the Lord Jesus Christ—a worthy life, and surely he will receive a special sanction at that Day. Undoubtedly he was used to be a great blessing to many missionaries, possibly some who were discouraged and almost ready to give up.

May you realize the staying power of the Holy Spirit as you carry on, and receive special strength and unction from above.

Sincerely,

M. E. MUSSELMAN,

Union Gospel Press (Cleveland, Ohio).

I am late in writing you since your great sorrow. Sometimes it is hard to understand why such a good and useful man as Mr. Smith should be taken; but God knows best, so we must leave all with Him. What a blessing it is that his daughter can carry on, and what a comfort it will be for both of you to be together in this work. I am enclosing my gift to be used where you think best. May God bless you.—W. B. L., Lewiston, Idaho.

I have received the news of your dear father's home-going. Beautiful! Beautiful! He was not, for God took him. I have had personal letters from your father, and I rejoiced in his Christ-spirit. I can only say, May the Lord Himself comfort your heart, and make you glad and thankful that you had such a father. Few have. I will hold you in loving remembrance.

I like to feel that though on earth
We never meet,
Yet we may hold heart-fellowship
At God's dear feet.
I like to feel, in all the work
Thou hast to do,
That I, by lifting hands in prayer,
May help thee too.
I like to think that in the path
His love prepares,
Thy steps may sometimes stronger prove
Through secret prayers.
I like to think that when on high
Results we see,
Perchance thou wilt rejoice that I
Thus prayed for thee.

May God's blessing rest upon all the work of the Fellowship. In loving sympathy, H. McM., Seattle, Washington.

Appreciation and Requests

Dear friends in Jesus Christ:— Zlin, Czechoslovakia, January 16, 1947.

I have received one of your attractive tracts called "Planning for Tomorrow." My husband works in a government office here to earn his living, but his chief business is his work for the Lord. He came to Zlin just a year ago, and was able to give away tracts in the streets, factories and offices, so that in one year he distributed about 14,000 tracts in the Czech language. This town where we live is called "Little America" and the people are very hardened to the Gospel, so we are trying to get only attractive tracts with the Gospel message, and would therefore be very grateful if you can send us your tracts in the Czech language. I myself teach here in the Sunday School, and would like to get children who have no religious background. Would be also very grateful for children's tracts in the Czech language. We have no tracts here in Czechoslovakia for children, so if you could do this for us here, you would do a great service for the Lord. There are only 10 to 15 children here in the Sunday School, and we would like to get as many as possible. May the Lord Himself bless your work for Europe.

Yours in Him,

DR. AND MRS. V. FAJFR.

Dear Friends:—

Warsaw, Poland, February 24, 1947.

A few days ago we received two CARE packages. They are a great help in these difficult times, not only to us, but to all those with whom we share them. We thank you for that help, and we thank you primarily for your kind hearts that made you willing to send help. May the name of our Lord Jesus be praised, for it is He who, through you, shows us His love and care for us.

Your brother in the Lord,

STANISLAUS KRAKIEWICZ.

In the Cauldron of Russia



REV. I. S. PROKHANOFF

(Under this title, that noble leader of the Evangelical Christians, the late Rev. I. S. Prokhanoff, described his years of life, service, persecution and suffering in the vast land of Russia. Many of our readers have asked for copies of this fine autobiography, now out of print. We present herewith the first installment of his story, in condensed serial form.)

On the first page of his book, Mr. Prokhanoff placed a photograph of his beautiful and deeply mourned wife, and beneath it he wrote: "To Him who gave me life, and has maintained it until now, and in memory of my dearly beloved wife, Anna Ivanovna, devoted friend and fellow-worker in the field of God, called home on July 31st, 1919, this book is dedicated with humble spirit, flaming soul, and thankful heart." He then begins his story with the following explanation:

Friends who are familiar with the main features of my work have very often asked me to write my

autobiography. Though disinclined to undertake such a task, I have felt that the book would undoubtedly be helpful to the movement in Russia for which I have labored so long and so arduously. Perhaps the story of my life might also encourage others in times of unrest and persecution.

Not our glory, but His glory, should shine through all our writings. Under this condition, the readers of this book will draw spiritual good for themselves: a weak worker will be strengthened, a sad one will be made to rejoice, he who is afflicted with doubts will have his faith strengthened, a young worker will draw some useful lessons for his work, and all will experience a sentiment of sincere gratitude to the Captain of all good things for the fact that He ever, and in all countries of the world, is the same.

In the later chapters of this autobiography I have written of my imprisonments and hardships experienced under the old and new regimes for the faith's sake. Of course, I cannot now write about many things, because the partners in my sufferings are still there, inside of Russia, and my unwise statements here could do harm to them. Therefore, in some places I have written tersely where I ought to have written at length. Perhaps at some future time I may feel free to do full justice to some things which are of necessity omitted here. (This promise, however, he did not live to fulfill. —Editor.)

In the days when this book is written, the world represents a scene of great tragedy, of unparalleled war and struggle between nations and classes of people; great revolutions, rivers of blood shed in all corners of the world, economic depression, unemployment, famine and starvation of great masses of men and women. Under the influence of these calamities, some thinkers of our day have arrived at theories of pessimism, saying that all our culture and the world itself are going to perish.

My autobiography is the description of the life of an optimist, who was saved from the depths of pessimism by the mighty and merciful hand of Him who said: "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world" (John 16.33).

Almost all my life I have lived in Russia, the country of the greatest sorrows. The Russian people suffered severely under the old regime, but the change of the revolution has brought to my people still greater sufferings, and now our nation is in the pangs of unspeakable privations and hardships. (This was written in 1933.) From the human standpoint pessimism would be fully justified in those who have lived in Russia. But owing to the accepted light from Christ, I have lived more than half a century in Russia, under both former and present conditions, with the radiant heart of an optimist. On my life-pathway I have shown to many pessimists the way to that glorious Christian optimism of faith, the way from darkness to light.

If I were able, I would like to broadcast on the radio to all the world, saying: "Be not pessimists; become optimists. Pessimism makes you weak; optimism will make you strong and powerful to overcome the evils existing in the world." The teaching of Jesus Christ is a pure crystal-like optimism. How can His disciple be a pessimist? It is incredible, but unfortunately true. On my life's journey I meet many Christians who look through the dark glasses of pessimism upon the future of the world and of Christianity, upon mankind, the culture and scientific achievements of men, and even upon Christians outside of their own circles. To these I say: "You misunderstand your Christ. Who said: 'Can the children of the bride-chamber mourn?' (Matthew 9.15); Who wished that the joy of His believers might be full (John 15.11), and Who assured His followers: 'Your joy no man can take from you' (John 16.22)."

I should like first to describe the religious condition of Russia in the sixties of the nineteenth century. Someone has said: "Russia is a very big interrogation-mark." Throughout all her centuries of history, Russia has been surrounded with mysteries. Russia is a mystery herself. Unnumbered efforts have been made to draw a real picture of the country, to paint her actual role in the history of humanity, but all the results have been partial, weak and imperfect. Deep students have endeavored to recite her good qualities and her negative features, but they soon felt lost among her many contradictions. Beneath a very prosaic outward appearance, everyone has felt some deep, powerful and magnetic thing. This was the impression of foreigners who visited Russia in the Middle Ages; it is the opinion of many contemporary writers.

Russia has an enormous territory, equal to one-sixth of the land surface of the globe. Russia has produced great scientists, painters, composers, thinkers and statesmen. Her natural resources surpass those of all other countries of the world, and she has been the leading country in various branches of economic activity, producing heavily of rye, furs, leather, caviar, manganese, platinum, and other articles of commerce.

Nobody can deny that the Russian people have created a literature that is among the richest in the world. The names of such poets as Pushkin, Lermontov, and the writers Turgeniev, Nekrasov, Gogol, Dostoyevsky, Tolstoy, Gorky and others are world-famous. The chief purposes of this literature have been the disclosure of the mystery about the Russian people, description of the nation's character, its vices and gifts, and its destination in the world's history. The Russian people have been described by giants of the literary art, but all of them have felt their inability to solve finally the mystery, to probe the problem to its bottom. Something mysterious always remained.

Religious thinkers in western Europe and in America have devoted a great deal of attention to Russia. Special investigations have been made in

Bible prophecy, passages from Ezekiel, Daniel and Revelation being applied to Russia. From their predictions only one thing can be gathered for certain: Russia will play such a world-wide role in the destiny of humanity that it may surpass any other country on the globe. But in what sense? Here the opinions are divided. One group of prophets speak pessimistically about the anti-Christian role of Russia, reminding us of Gog and Magog in Revelation 20.7. Another group is quite uncertain and indefinite. The third group, optimistic in their writings, idealize the role of Russia and prophesy a great and glorious future for her. Dostoyevsky, speaking in 1887 at Pushkin's jubilee in Moscow, described the universality of the Russian character and its ability to understand the soul of every nation in the world, saying that the poverty of the Russian people is the cause of their nearness to God. As Christ was born the first time in a manger, so He will be born again in the souls of the Russian people, *i.e.*, He will be revealed finally to the whole world through the Russian people.

In the opinion of the author, the future role of Russia lies in the religious realm of life. The only condition is that she will accept Christ and His Gospel as the basis of life, and will realize the restoration of primitive apostolic Christianity.

In 1888, the nine hundredth jubilee of the acceptance of the Christian religion by the Russian people was celebrated. In 988 A.D., Prince Vladimir himself joined the Greek Orthodox Church by accepting baptism, and ordered all his people to be baptized in the River Dnieper at Kiev. Since that time the Greek Orthodox Church has been the State Church, established in Russia as a section of the Byzantine Church.

Out of a small Slavonic tribe, the Russian people were transformed into a great European empire, exerting a very powerful influence on the rest of Europe. But practically no change took place in the religious realm of the national life. The same hierarchy, with its religious services and its rituals, was maintained. The only changes concerned the system of governing the Church. The Slavonic language of the people was gradually changing into the specifically Russian, and the people began to experience difficulty in understanding the old Slavonic services in the churches; nevertheless it was forbidden to change or to translate the text.

In western Europe, great Reformation movements took place, connected with the work of Wycliff, John Huss, Luther and others. Various theological schools were created, and a very rich religious literature originated, but religious Russia was untouched by any similar progress in all this time. For centuries there was no revival, no spiritual movement, no religious literature. The history of the Orthodox Church was a blank sheet of paper. During these more than nine centuries of Russian history, the religious life of the Russian Orthodox Church may be thus characterized: There was no religious progress; there was stagnation, transformed into a principle. It was even taught, as I have said, that the Church could not change, that its traditions and practices were as unchangeable as its Founder. The moral and spiritual condition of the people could not develop, and they became gradually demoralized.

The question naturally rises in the mind of the reader: Why was there no progress in the Greek Orthodox Church during that long period? The answer is simple. By its geographical position, partly in Europe, partly in Asia, Russia was a bulwark for Europe against the waves of barbarism which flowed from Asia and pressed against civilization. As a result, Russia had to struggle continually for national existence and political independence. At the same time, Russia blocked the invasion of Eastern barbarism and proved to be the guardian and defender of European culture. With all the energy of the Russian people involved in the political struggle, religious questions were left in abeyance.

When my life began, in the sixties of the nineteenth century, religious

conditions were the same as in past centuries. The Church was nominally governed by the Holy Synod, consisting of bishops and archbishops appointed by the State government—by the Czar. The priests were appointed by the bishops, regardless of the wishes or the will of the parishes. There was no right of local selection in the Orthodox Church. This explains the fact that the standard of morality of the Russian Orthodox clergy was not at all high. A priest-drunkard has been an ordinary sight in Russia until recent times, and such a priest could never be dismissed from his position, in spite of all the protests of the people of his parish.

Outwardly the Church was prosperous. There were huge rich temples and golden-roofed churches. The services were conducted amidst the glamorous splendor of gold, silver, precious stones and ornaments and costly clerical garments. The outward appearance was brilliant, but what was the condition of the inner life? The services consisted chiefly of ritual and there was no religious instruction or preaching. The people did not know the Word of God. Even to this day the majority of members of Greek Orthodox parishes do not know what the Bible or the Gospel mean. This is quite natural, for even now the Bible and New Testament are read only during the services, and then not in Russian, but in the old Slavonic language, which is little understood by the people. The reading was never interpreted to them.

There were certain dissenting or non-conforming sects, the largest of which was the "Old Believers." Their morality was higher than that of the Orthodox people, but their religious fanaticism and ignorance offset that advantage, leading them to turn away from the light of knowledge and European culture introduced by Peter the Great, and from other educational movements. Most of them went to the remote forests and marshes of Northern European Russia and Siberia, and so finally lagged behind other Russian people with regard to education and standards of living. There were countless other sects, marked by great extravagances in matters of doctrine, ritual, and the practices of their daily life. These groups of the Russian Dissent represent something more awful than the Orthodox Church itself. Deciding to leave a dark house, man, left to himself, is liable to fall into an abyss of error which is still worse.

These sects could originate only under conditions fostered by a spiritually dead State Orthodox Church, and in the absence of enlightenment which should have come through education and religious instruction. Their existence well illustrates the tragic religious condition of the Russian people. It was spiritual night—deep, dark night. A very deep pessimism reigned in political, philosophical and religious life. The truth that God is love was never explained, and the people were kept in the condition of trembling souls.

Then out of that darkness of night came faint glimmerings of the dawn. It may not be out of place to remember now a verse from the book of Isaiah, 21.11-12: "Watchman, what of the night?" The watchman said: "The morning cometh, and also the night." Although it was very dark in the religious world of the Russian people, the morning had really begun to dawn, for during the sixties the last books of the Bible were translated from the old Slavonic language into the Russian. It was like the first rays of the rising sun in the early morning. Simple workmen and peasants began to read the Bible, and as the blessed truths gripped their hearts and transformed their lives, they began to preach the Gospel to their neighbors. Thus it was that the Gospel was let loose and the Evangelical Movement began in the late sixties of the nineteenth century. It has taken but few words to tell of its coming, but more will be written in later chapters of its joy, its persecutions and suffering and hardships, its imprisonments and its victories also.

(To be continued)

A Resurrection Experience

Dear Dr. Smith:—

Vienna, January 11, 1947.

I have received two more CARE packages, and I do thank you very much for them. They are a real help to us here. I kept one of the packages for Christmas, to have something to give away then, and bring joy to some of the poorest and most hungry. It has been very cold here, and the wind whistles through our broken windows and cracked doors. Yesterday I put glass-paper into my outer window-frames instead of glass; it holds the wind back better than nothing. In the mission-hall we have strong cardboard, but of course the hall is pitch dark, and as we have very little electric light, we have to hold our meetings very often with just one little candle for the speaker.

I promised to write you about an experience I had once during the war, when a bomb fell right into our building. Our hall is on the ground floor, level with the street, in a corner house. Back of the hall there was our coal-room, with a glass roof over it, which formed the end of the light-shaft that came down through the middle of the building. At the other end of the hall there is a narrow passage, about five feet wide, that leads to the cellar stairs, the back entrance, and a back room where we hold our smaller meetings. Just one week before the Russians overran our city, I was there quite alone, as I hardly ever went home during these times. I entrusted my little flat with all my belongings to the Lord's keeping, and stayed at the hall to be there in case fire should break out or somebody should try to break in to steal and destroy everything. This very day, April 7, 1945, I stood in the narrow passage washing some little things, when all at once, without any warning, everything was noise and shattering and darkness all around me. I did not know what had happened, but instinctively I rushed out to the entrance-hall of the building. There was nothing to be seen, and after I had picked up an old man who had been thrown down by the blast of the explosion, I went back to our hall to find out what was wrong. Oh, what a sight! In the hall itself the five outer windows and the glass door were shattered to pieces, the iron shades were bent and twisted out of their sockets, and the whole floor was covered with plaster and bricks and dust and glass and debris of all sorts. The little back room also had no windows left, the doors were torn open and a corner of the wall was gone, but a miracle had happened in the passage between the hall and the back room, where I had been standing. Two feet back of me was the door open to the stairs leading down to the cellar, which we used as our air-raid shelter, and on these stairs were heaped up the bricks and stones of a high wall that had broken down completely, tearing down at the same time shelves and many other things. The door next to it, right back of me, was torn to many pieces. In front of me, not even one foot before my eyes, stood a book-case, of which the glass panes were shattered to splinters and the sharp corners torn away. The small table at which I had been standing when the bomb fell was turned upside down, with the legs straight up in the air, and the bowl in which I had been washing was filled to the brim with glass and bricks and wooden splinters, and from the shelf above the cellar door two music-stands and other things had fallen down. They, together with boards and bricks and all sorts of other things, were heaped up on the very spot where I had been standing at the time of the explosion, and I was unhurt, I did not have a scratch on my head or body, no, I had not even felt that anything had hit me. A small bomb had torn off part of our roof, come down through the air-shaft, smashed the glass roof of our coal-cellar, and exploded there. That I was not killed or even hurt is simply a miracle which I cannot understand; it is a clear proof of God's might and protecting power. We were very often in danger during the time of the air-raids, and later on when the battle raged

around the corner of our buildings, and many things followed after that, which made me sometimes almost regret that I was not buried under that fallen wall, so I would not have to witness all the horror of what was going on, of which I cannot write; but never came death so near as at that time. The Lord made true His promise that He would put His angels about those who love Him. How often have I experienced this wonderful truth during these awful years. Terrible as it all was, it was a time of blessing and rich experience of God's love and nearness and tender care.

EMMY H. STEYRER.

News Items from Switzerland

These interesting reports on missionary work in many parts of Europe have been sent by our loyal brother, Rev. Fred Stettler, in Switzerland.

* The following prayer was offered for the first time at a public procession of prayers and offerings by Christians of all confessions, at Krefeld (British Zone, Germany), on December 11, 1946, where 30,000 people took part: "O Lord, grant us that hunger and distress may cease everywhere and thus also in Germany, that fugitives and people expelled from their soil may find shelter, and above all, O Lord, help those who are in utter despair and hopelessness. O Lord, grant us that from the ruins new life may grow, life that will be worth living, where everyone can work for his own benefit and that of mankind. O Lord, give peace to this people, so badly stricken. Give husbands back to their wives, sons to their fathers and mothers, and let prisoners of war return to their families. Give everyone that peace which Thy Son Jesus Christ has promised to all people of good will." . . .

A British worker, Mr. Edward A. Edmonds, and his wife, have devoted themselves to visiting camps which house German prisoners of war. He reports that all the prisoners they have been able to meet have been eager for the Gospel message, and have received the literature very well indeed. When these men later return to Germany, they will bear with them the good news of salvation. New Testaments have been given out, and services held. Meetings were held in the dining-hall of one camp in Kent; a helpful interpreter was available, and the men were so touched that they would not leave the room after the service. Elsewhere, a meeting and tea were arranged for a group of one hundred prisoners of war; the camp leader said afterward that the words spoken had found good ground in which to be sown, in the hearts of the men present. Mr. Stettler has sent Bibles and New Testaments for distribution among the prisoners, and in many cases is trying to trace their families, through the Red Cross. We rejoice for our brother's part in this noble work. . . .

A preacher of the Gospel, in a completely destroyed city, walking about, came upon an elderly gentleman who was searching some usable goods out of the debris. The Gospel minister opened a conversation with him: "You have some pile of wreckage there, haven't you?" The man stood up straight, looked into his face, and said to him: "Pile of wreckage? Excuse me, sir, but this is my building lot." All Europe may resemble ruins and wreckage. Millions of men, women and children, homes and livelihoods, have been wrecked, some in spirit, soul, and body; but excuse me, sir! Are they not the building grounds of the Lord Jesus Christ? . . .

In Russia, the Baptists, Evangelical Christians and Pentecostals have formed themselves into a union of Free-Church Assemblies. This union already has some 4000 churches, 8000 branch churches, 2000 preachers, and about 10,000 assisting ministers, laboring together to meet the spiritual needs of that great land. . . . The English bishop, Dr. Bell of Chichester, has likened Germany to the man sick of the palsy, being borne by four others. Germany is at present being carried by the four great powers; will she be brought to Christ? . . .

A Letter from the Home Office

Dear Praying Friends:—

At this Easter-time we greet you in the name of our Risen Lord, with thanksgiving for what He has permitted the Fellowship to accomplish through your help, and with prayer for still greater things to come. This festival season makes our relationship seem especially warm and close. Above all things we have studied the peace of this organization, praying that we may live and work in perfect understanding with all associates both near and far.

In any association of human beings—fallible as we are—difficulties are bound to arise from time to time, which may often be set right by a few simple words of explanation. We therefore invite all who have in their minds any unanswered questions, or any complaints, regarding the work of the American-European Fellowship, either in the past or in the present, to express them in writing to us, that speaking the truth in love, we may grow together toward a fuller understanding of the things of God.

We urge you to send your gifts by check, money order, or postal note, when possible, rather than in cash. Please make them out, not to any individual, but to the American-European Fellowship, and designate in the margin or in an accompanying note the exact purpose for which they are to be used. Your wishes in this matter will be scrupulously observed.

Do you seek guidance, under God, as to the designation of your gift? Consider prayerfully, then, the Need of the Month, featured in each issue; the food and blanket packages sent abroad by CARE, for \$10.00 apiece (to be described more fully in a later issue); the support of various missionaries, and the ministry to missionary associates, whose letters you have read in our pages; contributions to the missionary work in general, to be used where the need is greatest; a renewal of your subscription to THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD, or a donation to the printing fund, or toward the work of supplying Scripture portions and Gospel literature, as described on the last page of this issue.

Have you signed your name in the Book of Remembrance? Copies of the last two issues of the magazine are still available for this purpose, and will be sent on request. But above all things, please continue to hold us up in prayer, that the work of the Lord may prosper and be magnified through us. The help you give us will not return unto you void. We pray God's continued blessing upon you all.

CATHERINE RUTH SMITH.

Dear Sister in our Lord Jesus Christ:— Chorzow, Poland, March 7, 1947.

For your kind letter that I received some weeks ago, and for your parcel with food, which I received last week, we send our heartiest thanks. The parcel mentioned by you in your letter of December 28th contained food and clothing. We are sorry to hear of the death of your father. He overcame already—he is better there than we here in the world full of evil.

As for me, I am one of the oldest missionary workers in Poland. I worked together with Brother Zebrowski and A. Przeorski; the latter is still living, but has been ill for some years. After the first great war, we were in touch with the American-European Fellowship, and were helped in our missionary work. Although I am sixty-four years old, my Lord gives me power so that I can offer my time in His service. We have much to do, and much opportunity for it. In a land destroyed by war, such as Poland, we need much help, both spiritual, by means of prayer, and material; so we warmly thank God for all who help us, in whatever manner. We commend you all in our Lord to God's grace, and send our heartiest greetings, remaining united in the Lord, in the common work for Him.

Yours,

JOZEF MROZEK.

AMERICAN-EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP RECEIPTS -- FEBRUARY AND MARCH, 1947

(The First National Bank in Yonkers is depository for all gifts.)

February 1st			
31262-----	\$25.00	31303-----	\$0.10
31263-----	3.50	31304-----	75.00
31264-----	18.00	31305-----	5.00
31265-----	50.00	31306-----	1.00
31266-----	25.00	31307-----	50.00
31267-----	1.00	31308-----	51.00
31268-----	10.00	31309-----	10.00
31269-----	1.00	31310-----	1.00
31270-----	91.00	31311-----	75.00
31271-----	1.00	31312-----	1.00
31272-----	4.00	31313-----	5.00
31273-----	3.00	31314-----	5.00
31274-----	15.00	31315-----	5.00
31275-----	5.00	31316-----	9.73
31276-----	10.00	31317-----	1.00
31277-----	10.00	31318-----	35.00
31278-----	10.00	31319-----	50.00
31279-----	.10	31320-----	5.20
31280-----	1.00	March 1st	
31281-----	10.00	31321-----	10.00
31282-----	5.00	31322-----	3.50
31283-----	2.00	31323-----	50.00
31284-----	2.00	31324-----	15.00
31285-----	1.00	31325-----	5.00
31286-----	11.00	31326-----	23.00
31287-----	10.00	31327-----	3.50
31288-----	5.00	31328-----	1.00
31289-----	1.00	31329-----	50.00
31290-----	5.00	31330-----	8.00
31291-----	50.00	31331-----	10.00
31292-----	25.00	31332-----	15.00
31293-----	13.00	31333-----	50.00
31294-----	5.00	31334-----	30.00
31295-----	10.00	31335-----	5.00
31296-----	15.00	31336-----	25.00
31297-----	5.00	31337-----	31.19
31298-----	1.00	31338-----	100.00
31299-----	1.00	31339-----	1.00
31300-----	30.00	31340-----	1.00
31301-----	2691.99	31341-----	2.00
31302-----	1.00	31342-----	10.00
		31343-----	\$100.00
		31344-----	10.00
		31345-----	1.50
		31346-----	75.00
		31347-----	.50
		31348-----	1.00
		31349-----	1.00
		31350-----	1.00
		31351-----	1.00
		31352-----	1.00
		31353-----	2.00
		31354-----	1.00
		31355-----	5.00
		31356-----	3.00
		31357-----	10.00
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		31366-----	1.00
		31367-----	10.00
		31368-----	5.00
		31369-----	1.00
		31370-----	11.00
		31371-----	10.00
		31372-----	1.00
		31373-----	1.00
		31374-----	2.00
		31375-----	.10
		31376-----	1.00
		31377-----	1.00
		31378-----	10.00
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		31380-----	5.00
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		31382-----	1.00
		31383-----	1.00
		31384-----	15.00
		31385-----	\$10.00
		31386-----	5.00
		31387-----	150.00
		31388-----	11.00
		31389-----	30.00
		31390-----	1.00
		31391-----	5.00
		31392-----	5.00
		31393-----	50.00
		31394-----	2.00
		31395-----	5.00
		31396-----	1.00
		31397-----	1.00
		31398-----	245.07
		31399-----	1.00
		31400-----	.10
		31401-----	1.00
		31402-----	1.00
		31403-----	10.00
		31404-----	12.45
		31405-----	35.00
		31406-----	2.00
		31407-----	2.00
		31408-----	1.00
		31409-----	25.00
		31410-----	1.00
		31411-----	15.00
		31412-----	2.00
		31413-----	5.00
		31414-----	10.00
		31415-----	5.00
		31416-----	3.00
		31417-----	22.50
		31418-----	3.00
		31419-----	5.00
		31420-----	5.00
		31421-----	40.00
		31422-----	10.00
		31423-----	20.00
		March ends	

"Words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver"

Our friends write: "I hope that more Christians are coming to your aid, as Europe's need is desperate. May the Lord give strength and encouragement. It is a real joy and satisfaction to give through the American-European Christian Fellowship."

"I think there is no more wonderful work being done for the Lord than that of the missionaries of the Fellowship, and my prayers are with you."

"I would not like to be without the HARVEST FIELD."